

THE SCREEN COLLEGIANS ARE STRANGERS TO THE CAMPUS; MORE PROBING SUGGESTED

Somewhere, according to the movies, there must be one of those paradises where every day is a signal for a gin bust or a football game where every student owns a motor boat and at least one imported car, and where the hero, in the last second of play crashes over for a touchdown, winning the game for dear old Barnyard," says the Los Angeles Times.

Somewhere there must be a college, situated on a beautiful lake and boasting an ivy-covered chapel and 45-year-old bald headed freshmen with boop-boop-a-doo complexes. If there isn't, where did the producers of that noble art, the motion picture, ever hit upon the absurd antics and incongruous assiminations through which the girls and boys of Hollywood gambol on screen campuses?

Any day on the Barnyard campus the sons arise with alarm clocks and handovers. After the ritualistic ceremonies of swapping clothes. Someone is left without a pair of trousers. This being accomplished satisfactorily. The entire student body flies into lunch. This consists principally of rolls and butter, coyly flipped with accurate aim at the comedian.

Only One Class a Day

Before the one class of the day, which is usually conducted by a moth-eaten professor who teeters along with the aid of an umbrella and a beautiful daughter, there is always time for the hero to acquire a "mad" which affects his playing in the big game to take place that afternoon.

If he does manage to get into the game before the last few seconds of play, he is met with the difficulty of playing opposite his rival, who holds down the same berth on the opposing team. The rival, of course, fouls—and Horace is carried sobbing (with sound effects) from the field with a broken leg.

The age of miracles may be past—but not in the movies. Horace opens his eyes, and over his prostrate form is bending Eve, the belle of Barnyard. He sighs, jumps to his feet, grabs his headgear—and the day is saved midst the waving of pom poms (which, incidentally, colleges never use), and the loud cheering of his teammates who pick him up bodily and bear him away to the arms of his beloved who waits shyly in the corner of the

locker room—contrary to custom, the only woman allowed there.

The Carnegie Foundation, so it would seem, should go a lot further in its investigations. Among college customs it might delve into, if we would believe the movies, are how it is that freshmen in so many college films entering in September are stars of the varsity in October.

The fraternities, too, offer a great problem. One film would have us believe that only one fraternity exists on any campus. Another mystery of the movie fraternity circles is why, in showing a close-up of the boy friend, "hanging his pin" on some willing co-ed—nine times out of ten that pin represents a sorority.

The Climate Goes Crazy

Perhaps the Carnegie Foundation would also be kind enough to discover the "how come" of seasons on the screen. Graduations often follow the big game, which in the very best of collegiate society takes place about the middle of December. Presumably the sun shining and the trees in full blossom while classes file across beflowered lawns in quest of the illusive "sheep skin." But then, perhaps, its California.

More a study of research for the medical association than for the foundation, is the almost superhuman eyesight bestowed upon collegiate athletes by directors and scenario writers. From the middle of the field the hero gazes upwards into a throng of 80,000 people, straight into the eyes of his "big moment." The words, which he hears above the rabble of the crowd, spur him on to bigger and better slaughter.

And so it goes—anything at all. These Hollywood collegians ice skate in the shadow of palm trees (and not in a rink). They make noble sacrifices for the hero—they labor under coaches who have all the "ear marks" of ex-pugs—they drink anything, including kerosene. In the final analysis there are only two things they don't do—attend classes and study.

If "Art holds the mirror up to life," heaven help our universities.

The doctor who said that you couldn't get exercise by riding in an automobile never tried to climb in and out of a rumble seat.

TWO WAY TALK FROM AEROPLANES COMING SOON

A prediction that within the next few years passengers and pilots in airplanes will be able to call up their homes while flying and carry on a conversation with those on the ground was made by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, American war ace, while soaring over New York Saturday afternoon in a broadcast demonstration of two-way conversation between airplanes and listeners below.

Captain Rickenbacker, Graham McNamee and others in his plane carried on an hour's conversation with Captain Frank Hawks, transcontinental aviation record holder, and others speaking from Madison Square Garden. The conversations were picked up by the National Broadcasting Company and relayed to stations throughout the country, including WEA, New York.

The event was a feature of the New York Aircraft Show, which opened Saturday evening at 6.00 P. M. At noon Captain Hawks called "Hello, Plane" from Madison Square Garden and was immediately answered by Captain Rickenbacker, who was then flying 5,000 feet over Long Island in a Bell Laboratory Plane, which was equipped with a radio transmitting and receiving set.

His plane was only one of seventy-seven commercial airplanes which flew from Long Island airports and maneuvered over New York in military formation to celebrate the opening of the show.

The conversations from Madison Square Garden were clearly received by those in the plane, according to reports, but the talk from Rickenbacker's plane was slightly distorted and parts of what Rickenbacker said could not be distinguished.

The experiment, however, Rickenbacker pointed out, demonstrated between land and plane, is an actuality.

A golfer in India turned up a precious ruby with a niblick. While we had heard of diamonds in the rough, rubies are unusual.

We guess nothing else is in more trouble than an airplane that is said in the week story to have appeared to be "in trouble."

If man is a machine, as Mr. Darrow so eloquently maintains, is it rheumatism we had during the midweek rains, or body squeaks?

SIDEWALK CAFES IN PARIS ON ALL IMPORTANT STREETS; HAVE MANY ADVANTAGES

Paris May 5—It is a difficult matter to take a city apart, figuratively speaking and determine accurately just what elements give it its peculiar flavor.

So many things enter into its composition—its architecture, width streets, amusements, variety of restaurants, climate, temperament of its citizens, ways they have of earning their living, historical background, manner of employing leisure, intellectual and artistic interests, and so on. All there, and other elements must be weighed if one is to get at just what gives a city its particular tone.

Paris offers an easier problem than most cities because many of its characteristics are pronounced. It has wider streets and boulevards than other cities, except those in the medieval quarters. It has more trees than other great capitals; Washington is the only city the writer has ever seen which rivals it, and Washington is much smaller.

Its buildings are uniformly six and seven floors high, of grey stone, and commonly with Mansard roofs. The Seine, with its waterfront boulevards and magnificent bridges, is a dream. At Paris, one eats and amuses himself better certainly than in any comparable city. Parisians are as civilized as any other municipal population that could be named.

Sidewalk Cafe

But, in the opinion of the writer, the particular tone of Paris is set more by the sidewalk cafe than any of the other factors. The spirit of the city could suffer the loss of any one of the other elements easier than it could the passing of the sidewalk cafe.

Paris has a leisured, rural, tolerant, holiday atmosphere which is all its own. When one arrives, one feels as if he were at home. Nothing is particularly pressing; there is pressing; there is plenty to see and plenty to do. Other people let you alone. You can settle down and see what there is to see. Plenty of Americans have and have only awakened 25 or 30 years later—if ever. In considerable traveling, the writer has never experienced a city like it.

Along the important boulevards and streets there are sidewalk cafes on every corner, and frequently several

in the interior of the block. They consist simply of companies of tables and chairs under an awning, with one or more "garcons" in block jackets, white apron and dress shirts and ties, to fill orders.

One simply drops into a chair and commands a beer or coffee. Then he sits and watches the passing parade, much more varied than in America, because the French are individualists. They act and dress as they please, and don't care what other people say.

It is the fact that one does not have to enter a door and search for a table that make the sidewalk cafe different. He simply spies a chair as he strolls along and drops into it. No mental or moral effort is necessary. It is the easiest thing in the world.

Then, too, sitting in a sidewalk cafe one is not divorced from the life of the city as he is if he enters a building. He is still a part of everything that goes on, of the traffic along the boulevards beneath the trees, of the crowd that flows along the sidewalks. One is simply withdrawn a little, in a ringside set, with a drink at hand to sip as he sits and watches the life of the city flow by.

If he wants to read the "garcon" will bring the latest newspapers. If there is a letter to be written, the "garcon" will supply materials.

With so many enjoyable traps scattered along the wide sidewalks, serving and reading in their outdoor cafes?

The dominant note in Parisian life is an air of tolerant, intelligent, refined leisure, and the side walk cafe imparts most of the feeling. It gives Paris its tone.

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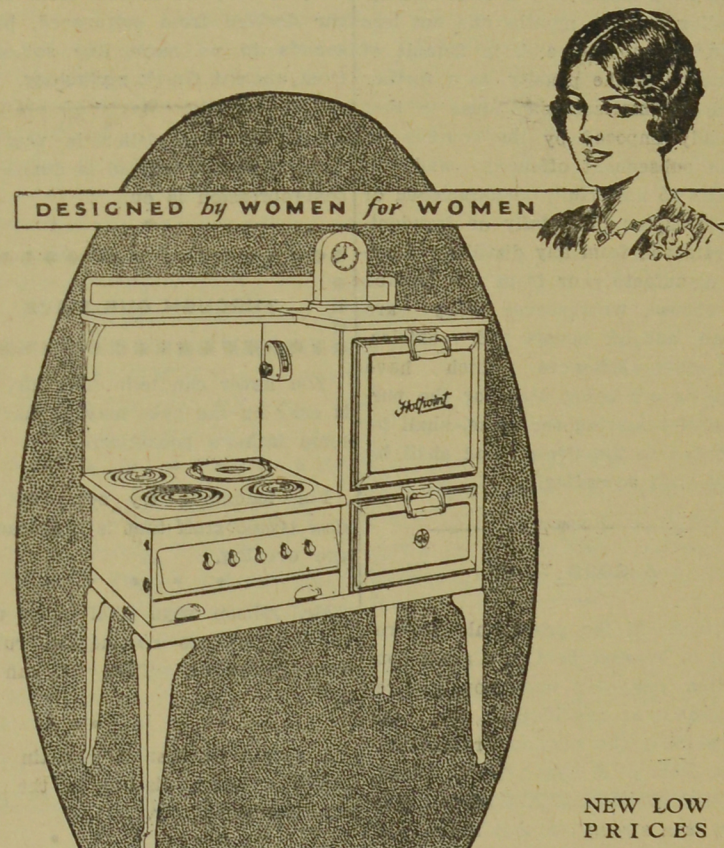
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William Beebe has gone to explore the ocean depths off Bermuda. Mr. Beebe is the well known scientist who pulls up fish that look like cartoons.

We heard recently of a wonderful derby hat. It survived five years in a Model T. coupe, has been lent to six amateur magicians, and is still in use.



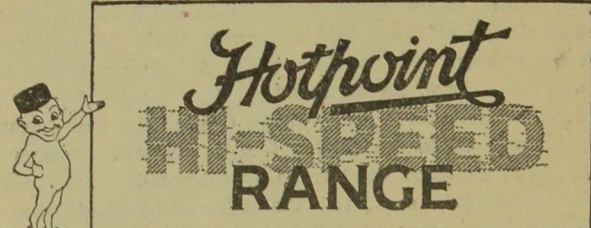
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FERRY RIDERS SPIN YARNS ABOUT FOGS

(New York Sun)

A man who lives in the city and uses only the subway to get to his work has discovered that when there's a fog on the Hudson it sets the commuters who use the ferry-boats to spinning yarns.

Two of them got together the other day. They quickly got to it on their favorite subject. "How did you get in this morning?" and they made things hum while the going was good.

"The fog sure did delay us getting into the slip this morning. We laid outside he set his siren going and whistled the other fellow in. The skipper on our boat steered into the slip by ear," explained the first one.

"That had nothin gon us," replied the other, not to be outdone. "The fog was low-lying and the sun was shining above it, with the blue sky overhead. The sun shine made the skyscrapers stand out in relief and the skipper of our boat took the Telephone building as his guide and steered into the slip with that monument showing him the way. It was a fine piece of work and I was in the office nearly on time. Those North River pilots are sure good."

And the man who lives in the city thought they were, too, and he also thought the country boys were laying it on there being no fog in the subway.

"A weed" says a naturalist "is only a plant out of place." If true, says a local shortcake lover, a strawberry pie is a weed.